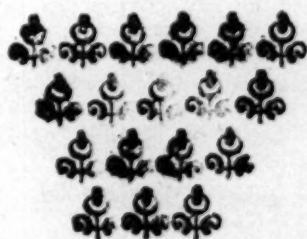


THE  
Wandering Beauty.  
A  
NOVEL.

By Mrs. A. BEHN.



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To the Right Honourable

*E D W W A R D,*

Earl of *Darwentwater*.

*My Lord,*

**B**Eing to Publish these last remains of the Celebrated Mrs. *Behn*, I cou'd not lose so proper an occasion of shewing the Respect and Value I have for your Lordship. The humour of Novels is so sunk for some Years, that it shews an extraordinary desert in Mrs. *Behn*, that they are still in general esteem. Others have sought after extraordinary and scarce possible Adventures, the happily consulted Nature, which will always:



*The Dedicatory.*

ways prevail; so that I may call her the *Otway* of this kind of Writing; whose Natural Scen's live and encrease every day in esteem with the Ingenious, while the fantastic Rants of some of her Cotemporaries dye even before their Authors, tho so Celebrated, and follow'd in their first representation.

I know 'tis the custom of Authors to fill their Dedications with fulsome flatteries, but as I am no Author so I shall avoid their faults, and only profess a sincere veneration for those many Noble Qualifications which render you the Darling of the Witty, and beg leave to subscribe my self,

*Your Lordship's most Obedient,  
Humble Servant,  
SAM. BRISCOE.*

\* Next after the *Wandering Beauty*.



T. H E

# Wandering Beauty.

**I** Was not above Twelve Years old, as near as I can remember, when a Lady of my Acquaintance, who was particularly concerned in many of the Passages, very pleasantly Entertained me with the Relation of the Young Lady *Arabella's* Adventures, who was Eldest Daughter to Sir *Francis Fairname*, a Gentleman of a Noble Family, and of a very large Estate in the West of *England*, a True Church-Man, a great Loyalist, and a most discreetly Indulgent Parent: nor was his Lady any way Inferiour to him in every Circumstance of Virtue. They had only Two Children more, and those were of the soft, unhappy Sex too; all very Beautiful, especially *Arabella*, and all very much alike; Piously Educated, and Courtly too, of Naturally Virtuous Principles and Inclinations.

'Twas about the Sixteenth Year of her Age that Sir *Robert Ricbland*, her Father's great Friend, and inseparable Companion, but Superiour to him in Estate, as well as Years, felt the Relistless Beauty of this young Lady Raging and Burning in his Aged Veins, which had like to have been as Fatal to him, as a Consumption, or his Climacterical Year of Sixty Three, in which he dy'd, as I am told, though he was then hardly Sixty. However, the *Winter Medlar* wou'd fain have been Inoculated in the *Summer's* Nacturine. His unseasonable Appetite grew so strong and inordinate, that he was oblig'd to discover it to Sir *Francis*; who, though he lov'd him very sincerely, had yet a Regard to his Daughter's Youth, and Satisfaction in the Choice of a Husband; especially when he consider'd the great disproportion in their Age, which he rightly imagined wou'd be very disagreeable to *Arabella's* Inclinations: This made him at first use all the most powerful and perswading Arguments in his Capacity, to Convince Sir *Robert* of the Inequality of such a Match, but all to no purpose; for his Passion increasing each Day more violently, the more assiduously, and with the greater vehemence he prest his Friends to use his Interest and Authority with his Lady and Daughter, to consent to his almost unnatural Proposition; offering this as the most weighty and prevailing Argument, which undoubtedly it was,



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was, That since he was a Batchelor, he wou'd settle his whole Estate upon her, if she survived him, on the Day of Marriage, not desiring one Penny as a Portion with her. This Discourse wrought so powerfully with her Mother, that she promis'd the old Lover all the Assistance he cou'd Hope or Expect from her: In order to which, the next Day she Acquainted her fair Daughter with the Golden Advantage she was like to have, if she wou'd but consent *To lye by the Parchment that convey'd 'em to her.* The Dear, Fair Creature, was so surpriz'd at this Overture made by her Mother, that her Roses turn'd all into Lilies, and she had like to have Swoon'd away, but having a greater Command of her Passions than usually our Sex have, and chiefly Persons of her Age, she, after some little disorder, which by no means she cou'd dissemble, she made as Dutiful a Return to her Mother's Proposition, as her Aversion to it would permit, and for that time got liberty to retreat, and lament in Private the Misfortune which she partly fore-saw was Impending. But her Grief (alas!) was no Cure of her Malady; for the next Day she was again doubly Attack'd by her Father and Mother, with all the Reasons that Interest and Duty cou'd urge, which she endeavoured to Obviate by all the Arguments that Nature and Inclination cou'd offer, but she found 'em all in vain, since they continu'd their ungrateful Solicitations for several Days together, at



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the end of which they both absolutely Com-  
manded her to prepare her self for her Nup-  
tials with Sir Robert, so that, finding her-  
self under a necessity of Complying, or at  
least of seeming so; she made 'em hope that  
her Duty had overcome her Aversion; upon  
which she had a whole Week's Liberty to  
walk where she wou'd, unattended, or with  
what Company she pleas'd, and to make  
Visits to whom she had a Mind, either of  
her Relations or Acquaintance thereabouts;  
though for three or four Days before, she  
was strictly Confin'd to her Chamber.

After Dinner, on the third Day of her  
Enlargement, being *Summer-Time*, she pro-  
pos'd to her Mother that she wou'd take a  
Walk to a Cousin of hers, who liv'd about  
Four Miles thence, to entreat her to be one  
of her Bride-Maids, being then in a care-  
less, plain Dress, and having before dis-  
cours'd very pleasantly and freely of her  
Wedding-Day, of what Friends she wou'd  
have Invited to that Solemnity, and what  
Hospitality Sir Robert shou'd keep when she  
was Marry'd to him: All which was high-  
ly agreeable to her Parents, who then cou'd  
not forbear Thanking and Kissing her for  
it, which she return'd to 'em both with a  
Shower of Tears. This did not a little Sur-  
prize 'em at first, but asking her what cou'd  
cause such signs of Sorrow after so chearful a  
Discourse on the like Subject. She answer'd,  
*That the Thoughts of her going now, suddenly to*  
*Live*

## *The Wandering Beauty.* - 7

*Live from so Dear and Tender a Father and Mother, were the sole occasion of such Expressions of Grief.* This Affectionate Reply did amply Satisfie their Doubts, and she presently took leave of 'em, after having desir'd that they wou'd not be uneasie if she shou'd not return till a little before 'twas dark, or if her Cousin shou'd oblige her to stay all Night with her; which they took for a discreet Caution in her; and considering that young Maidens love dearly to talk of Marriage-Affairs, especially when so near at hand: And thus easily parted with her, when they had walk'd with her about a Mile, over a Field or two of their own.

Never before that time was the dear Creature glad that her Father and Mother had left her, unless when they had press'd her to a Marriage with the old Knight. They were therefore no sooner got out of sight, e'er she took another Path that led cross the Countrey, which she pursu'd till past Eight at Night, having walk'd Ten Miles since Two a Clock, when Sir *Francis* and her Mother left her, she was just now got to a little Cottage, the poor, but cleanly Habitation of a Husbandman and his Wife, who had one only Child, a Daughter, about the Lady *Arabella's* Age and Stature. 'Twas happy for him she got thither before they were a Bed; for her Soft and Beautiful Limbs began now to be tired, and her Tender Feet to be gall'd.



To the good Woman of the House she applies her self, desiring Entertainment for that Night, offering her any reasonable Satisfaction. The good Wife at first Sight of her had Compassion of her, and immediately bid her walk in, telling her that she might lye with her Daughter if she pleased, who was very cleanly, tho not very vine. The good Man of the House came in soon after, who was very well pleased with his new Guest; so to Supper they went very seasonably for the poor young Lady, who was e'en ready to faint with Thirst, and not overcharged with what she had eaten the Day before. After Supper they ask'd her whence she came, and how she durst venture to travel alone, and a foot. To which she reply'd, that she came from a Relation who liv'd at *Exeter*, with whom she had stay'd till she found she was burthensome. That she was of Welsh Parents, and of a good Family; but her Father dying, left a cruel Mother-in-law, with whom she cou'd by no means continue, especially, since she wou'd have forc'd her to marry an old Man, whom it was impossible she shou'd love, tho he was very Rich; that she was now going to seek her Fortune in *London*, where she hop'd, at least, to get her a good Service. They all seem'd to pity her very heartily, and in a little time after they went to their two several Apartments; in one of which *Arabella* and the Damsel of the House went to Bed, where the



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the young Lady slept soundly, notwithstanding the Hardness of her Lodging. In the Morning about Four, according to her Laudable Custom, the young hardy Maiden got up to her daily Employment, which wakned *Arabella*, who presently bethought her self of an Expedient for her more secure and easie Escape from her Parents Pursuit and Knowledge, proposing to her Bedfellow an Exchange of their Wearing Apparel. The Heiress and Hope of that little Family was extreemly fond of the Proposal, and ran immediately to acquaint her Mother with it, who was so well pleased, that she cou'd hardly believe it, when the young Lady confirm'd it; and especially, when she understood the Exchange was to be made on even Hands. *If you be in earnest Forsooth* (said the Mother) *you shall even have her Sunday-Cloaths. Agreed* (return'd *Arabella*) *but we must change Shifts too; I have now a Couple about me, new and clean, I do assure you: For my Hoods and Head-dress you shall give me two Fanners, and her best Straw-Hat; and for my Shoes, which I have not worn above a Week; I will have her Holyday-Shoes. A Match, indeed, young Mistress,* (cry'd the Good Wife). So without more Ceremony, the young unhappy Lady was attired in her Bedfellow's Country-Weeds, by Help of the Mother and Daughter. Then after she had taken her leave of the good old Man too, she put a broad round Shilling into his Wife's Hand, as a Reward for her

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her Supper and Lodging, which she wou'd fain have return'd, but t'other wou'd not receive it. *Nay, then, by th' Mackins,* (said her *Hostess*) *you shall take a Breakfast e're you go, and a Dinner along with you, for fear you shou'd be sick by the way.* *Ara'ella* stay'd to eat a Mess of warm Milk, and took some of their Yesterdays Provision with her in a little course Linnen-Bag. Then asking for the direct Road to *London*, and begging a few Green Wallnuts, she took her last Farewel of 'em.

Near Twelve at Noon she came to a pleasant Meadow, thro which there ran a little Rivulet of clear Water, about Nine Miles from her last Lodging, but quite out of the way to *London*. Here she sat down, and after drinking some of the Water out of the hollow of her Hand, she open'd her Bag, and made as good a Meal as the courseness of the Fare, and the niceness of her Appetite would permit: After which she bruis'd the outward green Shells of a Walnut or two, and smear'd her lovely Face, Hands, and part of her Arms, with the Juice; then looking into the little purling Stream, that seem'd to murmur at the Injury she did to so much Beauty; she sigh'd and wept, to think to what base Extremities she was now likely to be reduc'd! That she shou'd be forced to stain that Skin which Heaven had made so pure and white! *But ah!* (cry'd she to her self) *if my Disobedience to my Parents had not stain'd my Conscience worse, this*  
rents



## *The Wandering Beauty.* 11

needed not to have been done. Here she wept abundantly again; then, drying her Eyes, she wash'd her Feet to refresh 'em, and thence continued her Journey for Ten Miles more, which she compass'd by Seven a Clock; when she came to a Village, where she got Entertainment for that Night, paying for it, and the next Morning, before Six, as soon as she had fill'd her little Bag with what good Chear that Place afforded, she wander'd on till Twelve again, still crossing the Country, and taking her Course to the Northern Parts of *England*, which doubtless was the Reason her Father and his Servants miss'd of her in their Pursuit; for he imagin'd that for certain she had taken her nearest way to *London*. After she had refresh'd her self for an Hours time by the side of a Wood; she rose and wander'd again near twelve Miles by Eight a Clock, and lodg'd at a good substantial Farmer's.

Thus she continued her Errantry for above a Fortnight, having no more Money than just Thirty Shillings, half of which brought her to Sir *Christian Kindly's* House in *Lancashire*. 'Twas near Five a Clock in the Afternoon, when she reach'd that happy Port, when coming to the Hall-Door she inquired for the Lady of the House, who happily was just coming into the Hall with a little Miss in her Arms, of about Four Years old, very much troubled with weak and sore Eyes: The fair Wanderer address-

ing



## 12      *The Wandring Beauty.*

sing her self to the Lady with all the Humility & Modesty imaginable, begg'd to know if her Ladyship had any Place in her Family vacant, in which she might do her Service? To which the Lady return'd (by way of Question) *Alas! poor Creature! what canst thou do? Any thing, may it please your Ladyship,* (replied the Disguised Beauty) *any thing within my Strength and my Knowledge, I mean, Madam.* Thou sayst well (said the Lady) and I'm sorry I have not any vacant for thee. I beseech your Ladyship then (said Arabella) let me lodge in your Barn to Night; for I am told it is a great way hence to any Town, and I have but little Money. In my Barn, poor Girl! (cry'd the Lady, looking very earnestly on her) *Ay, God forbid else; unless we can find a better Lodging for thee. Art thou Hungry or Thirsty? Yes, Madam,* (reply'd the wandring Fair One) *I cou'd both Eat and Drink if it please your Ladyship.* The Lady commanded Victuals and Drink to be brought, and cou'd not forbear staying in the Hall till she had done; when she ask'd her several Questions; as of what Country she was? To which she answer'd, truly of Somersetshire. What her Parents were, and if living. To which she return'd, *They were Good, Honest, and Religious People, and she hop'd they were alive, and in as good Health as when she left 'em.* After the Lady had done Catechising her, Arabella, looking on the little Child in her Ladyships Arms, said, *Pardon me, Madam, I beseech*

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seech you, if I am too bold in asking your Ladyship how that pretty Creatures Eyes came to be so bad? By an extream Cold which she took (reply'd the Lady.) I had not presum'd (return'd t'other) to have asked your Ladyship this Question, were I not assur'd that I have an Infallible Cure for the Infirmary: And if (Madam) you will be pleased to let me apply it, I will tell your Ladyship the Remedy in private. The Lady was much surpriz'd to hear a young Creature so meanly habited, talk so gently; and after surveying her very strictly, said the Lady, Have you ever experimented it before? Yes Madam, (reply'd the fair Physician) and never without happy Success: I dare engage, Madam, (added she) that I will make 'em as well as my own, by God's Blessing, or else I will be content to lose mine; which Heaven forbid. Amen (cry'd the good Lady) for they are very fine ones on my word.—Stay Child, I will desire Sir Christian to bear it with me, and if he approves it, you shall about it; and if it take good Effect, we will endeavour to requite the Care and Pains it shall cost you: Saying thus, she immediately left her, and return'd very speedily with Sir Christian, who having discoursed Arabella for some time with great Satisfaction & Pleasure, took her into the Parlour with his Lady, where she Communicated her Secret to 'em both; which they found so Innocent and Reasonable, that they desir'd her to prepare it as soon as possible, and to make her Application of it withal convenient speed; which she



she cou'd not do till the next Morning. In the mean time she was order'd a Lodging with the House-Maid, who Reported to her Lady, That she found her a very sweet and cleanly Bed-fellow; adding, That she never saw nor felt so white, so smooth, and soft a Skin. Arabella continu'd her Remedy with such good Success, that in a Fortnights time, little Miss's Eyes were as lively and strong as ever. This so endear'd her to the Knight and his Lady, that they Created a new Office in their Family, purposely for her; which was Attendant on their Eldest Daughter *Eleanora*, a Lady much about her Years and Stature, who was so Charmed with her Conversation, that she cou'd not stir abroad, nor Eat, nor Sleep, without *Peregrina Goodhouse* (for those were the Names she borrow'd:) Nor was her Modesty, Humility, and Sweetness of Temper, less engaging to her Fellow-Servants, who all strowe which shou'd best express their Love to her. On Festival-Days, and for the Entertainment of Strangers, she wou'd lend her helping Hand to the Cook, and make the Sauce for every Dish, though her own Province was only to Attend the young Lady, and prepare the Quidlings, and other Sweet-Meats, for the Reception of Sir *Christian's* Friends, all which she did to Admiration. In this state of easie Servitude she liv'd there for near Three Years, very well contented at all times, but when she bethought her self of her Father, Mother and Sisters, Courted by all



## *The Wandering Beauty.* 15

all the principal Men-Servants, whom she refus'd in so obliging a manner, and with such sweet, obliging Words, that they cou'd not think themselves injur'd, though they found their Addresses were in vain. Mr. Prayfast, the Chaplain himself, cou'd not hold out against her Charms. For her Skin had long since recover'd its Native Whiteness; nor did she need Ornaments of Cloaths to set her Beauty off, if any thing cou'd Adorn her, since she was dress'd altogether as Costly, though not so Richly, (perhaps) as *Eleanora*. Prayfast therefore found that the Spirit was too weak for the Flesh, and gave her very broad Signs of his Kindness in Sonnets, Anagrams, and Acrosticks, which she receiv'd very obligingly of him, taking a more convenient time to Laugh at 'em with her young Lady.

Her kind Reception of 'em encourag'd him to that Degree, that within a few Days after, supposing himself secure on her side, he apply'd himself to the good Old Knight, his Patron, for his Consent to a Marriage with her, who very readily comply'd with his Demands, esteeming it a very advantageous Match for *Peregrina*, and withal told him, That he wou'd give him Three Hundred Pounds with her, besides the first Benefit that shou'd fall, within his Gift. But (said he) as I doubt not that you are sufficiently Acquainted with her Virtues, and other excellent Qualifications, 'tis necessary that you shou'd know the

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worst that I can tell you of her, which is, That she came to us a meer Stranger, in a very mean, though cleanly Habit; and therefore, as she has own'd to us, we may conclude, of very humble, yet honest Parentage. A! (possibly) her Father might have been, or is, some Husbandman, or some-what Inferiour to that; for we took her up at the Door, begging one Night's Entertainment in the Barn. How, Sir! (cry'd Pray-fast, starting) have you no better knowledge of her Birth, then what you are pleas'd to discover now? No better, nor more (Reply'd the Knight.) Alas! Sir, then (return'd the Proud Canonical sort of a Farmer) She is no Wife for me: I shall dishonour my Family by Marrying so basely. Were you never told any thing of this before? (ask'd the Knight.) You know, Sir, (Answer'd the Prelate that wou'd be) that I have not had the Honour to Officiate, as your Chaplain, much more than half a Year; in which time, 'tis true, I have heard that she was Receiv'd as a Stranger; but that she came in so low a Capacity, I never learn'd till now. I find then Parson, (said the Knight) That you do not like the Author of your Happiness, at least, who might be so, because she comes to you in such an humble manner; I tell you the Jews are miserable for the same Reason. She cannot be such perfectly to me (return'd t'other) without the Advantage of good Birth. With that I'm sure she wou'd not, return'd his Patron, and left him to go to *Peregrina*, whom he happily found alone.

*Child*



## *The VVandering Beauty.* 17

*Child* (said he to her) *Have you any Obligation to Mr. Prayfall?* As how, Sir? she ask'd. *Do you love him? Have you made him any Promise of Marriage?* Or, has he any way Engaged himself to you? Neither, Sir (she Answer'd.) 'Tis true, I love him as my Fellow-Servant, no otherwise. He has indeed been some-what Lavish of his Wit and Rhimes to me, which serv'd well enough to divert my young Lady and me. But of all Mankind, perhaps, he shou'd be the last I wou'd chuse for a Husband. *I thought* (said the good humour'd old Knight) *that he had already obtain'd a Promise from you, since he came but just now to ask my Consent, which I freely gave him at first, upon that Thought; but he is doubtful of your Birth, and fears it may dishonour his Family, if he shou'd Marry you.* On my Word, Sir (return'd *Peregrina*, blushing, with disdain, no doubt) our Families are by no means equal. *What thy Family is I know not* (said Sir *Christian*) *but I am sure thou art infinitely Superiour to him in all the Natural Embellishments both of Body and Mind. Be just to thy self, and be not hasty to Wed; Thou hast more Merit than Wealth alone can Purchase.* O! dear Sir (she return'd) you Ruin me with Obligations, never to be Re-paid but in Acknowledgment; and that imperfectly too. Here they were Interrupted by the young Lady, to whom she Repeated the Conference betwixt Sir *Christian*, and *Prayfall*, as soon as ever Sir *Christian* left the Room.

B

About



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About a Week after, Sir *Lucius Lovewell*, a young Gentleman, of a good Presence, Wit and Learning enough, whose Father dying near a Twelve-month before, had left him upwards of 3000 l. a Year, which too was an Excellent Accomplishment, though not the best, for he was admirably good Humour'd, came to Visit Sir *Christian Kindly*, and as some of the Family imagin'd, 'twas with design to make his Addreses to the young Lady, Sir *Christian's* Daughter; whatever his Thoughts were, his Treatment there was very generous and kind. He saw the Lady, and lik'd her very well; nay, doubtless, wou'd have admitted a Passion for her, had not his Destiny at the same time shewn him *Peregrina*. She was very Beautiful, and he as sensible; and 'tis not to be doubted but that he immediately took Fire. However, his Application and Courtship, free and unaffected as it was, were chiefly directed to Sir *Christian's* Daughter: Some little Respects he paid to *Peregrina*, who cou'd not choose but look on him as a very fine, good-humour'd, and well Accomplish'd Gentleman. When the Hour came that he thought fit to retreat, Sir *Christian* ask'd him, When he wou'd make 'em Happy again in his Conversation? To which he return'd, *That since he was not above seven or eight Miles from him, and that there were Charms so Attractive at Sir Christian's, he shou'd take the liberty to Visit him sooner and oftner, than he either expected or desir'd.* T'other  
re-

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reply'd, That was impossible; and so without much more Ceremony, he took his leave of that delightful Company for two or three Days; at the end of which he return'd with Thoughts much different from those at his first coming thither, being strongly Agitated by his Passion for *Peregrina*. He took and made all the opportunities and occasions that Chance and his own Fancy cou'd offer and present to Talk to her both before, at, and after Dinner, and his Eyes were so constantly fix'd on her, that he seem'd to observe nothing else, which was so visible to Sir *Christian*, his Lady and Daughter, that they were Convinc'd of their Error, in believing that he came to make his Court to the young Lady. This late Discovery of the young Knight's Inclinations, was no way unpleasant to Sir *Christian* and his Lady, and to the young Lady it was most agreeable and obliging, since her Heart was already pre-engag'd elsewhere; and since she did equally desire the good Fortune of her Beautiful Attendant with her own.

The Table was no sooner clear'd, and a Loyal Health or two gone round, e'er Sir *Christian* ask'd his young Amorous Guest to take a Walk with him in the Gardens: To which Sir *Lucius* readily consented, designing to disclose that to him for a Secret, which was but too apparent to all that were present at Table: When therefore he thought he had sufficiently Admir'd and



Commended the neatness of the Walks, and beauty of the Flowers, he began to this Effect:

Possibly Sir Christian, I shall surprize you with the Discourse I'm going to make you; but 'tis certain, no Man can avoid the necessity of the Fate which he lies under; at least I have now found it so. — I came at first, Sir, with the hopes of prevailing on you, to Honour and make me happy in a Marriage with Madam Eleanora your Daughter; but at the same instant I was seiz'd with so irresistible a Passion for the Charming Peregrina, that I find no Empire, Fame nor Wit, can make me perfectly Blest here below, without the Enjoyment of that Beautiful Creature. Do not mistake me, Sir, (I beseech you, continu'd he) I mean an Honourable Enjoyment — I will make her my Wife, Sir, if you will be generously pleas'd to use your Interest with her on my part.

To which the good old Knight reply'd, What you think (Sir) you have now imparted as a Secret has been the general Observation of all my Family e'er since you gave us the Happiness of your Company to day: Your Passion is too great to be disguised; and I am extreamly pleased that you can think any thing in my House worthy the Honour you intend *Peregrina*. Indeed, had you made any particular and publick Address to my Daughter, I should have believ'd it want of Merit in her, or in us,  
her

*The Wandering Beauty.* 21

her Parents, that you should after that quit your Pretensions to her, without any willing or known Offence committed on our side. I therefore (Sir) approve your Choice, and promise you my utmost Assistance afar. She is really virtuous in all the Latitude of Virtue; Her Beauty is too visible to be disputed by, ev'n by Envy it self: As for her Birth, she less can inform you of it; I must only let you know, that as her Name imports she was utterly a Stranger, and entertain'd by us in pure Charity. But the Antiquity and Honour of your Family can receive no Diminution by a Match with a Beautiful and Virtuous Creature, for whom, you say, and I believe, you have so true a Passion. I have now told you the worst (Sir) that I know of her; but your Wealth and Love may make you both eternally happy on Earth. And so they shall, *by her Dear self* (return'd the Amorous Knight) if both of 'em may recommend me to her, with your Persuasions added, which still I beg. Say, rather you *Command*; and with those Three Hundred Pounds which I promised her, if she marry'd with my Consent to *Sir Lucius*.

To this, the other smiling, reply'd;  
*Her Person and Love is all I court or expect,  
Sir: But since you have thought her worthy of  
so great an Expression of your Favour and Kind-  
ness, I will receive it with all Humility as  
is from a Father, which I shall ever esteem you—*

B 3

*But*



But see, Sir, (cry'd he in an Extasie) how she comes, led by Madam Peregrina, your Daughter. The young Lady coming to him, began thus. I know (Sir) 'tis my Father and Mother's Desire and Ambition to shew you the heartiest Welcome in their Power, which can be no means be made appear so particularly and undisputably, as by presenting you with what you like best in the Family; In Assurance therefore that I shall merit their Favour by this Act, I have brought your Dear Peregrina to you, not without Advice, and some Instructions of mine, that may concern her Happiness with you, if discreetly observ'd, and pursued by her. In short (Sir) I have told her that a Gentleman of so Good a Figure, such excellent Parts, and generous Education of so Antient and Honourable a Family; together with so plentiful an Estate, as you at present possess, is capable of bringing Happiness to any, the Fairest Lady in this Country at least. O Madam (return'd Sir Lucius) your Obligation is so great, that I want Sense to receive it as I ought; much more Words to return you any proportionable Acknowledgment of it. But give me Leave to say thus much, Madam; that my Thoughts of making my Court to your Ladyship first invited me to give Sir Christian your Father, the trouble of a Visit, since the Death of mine. However, the over-ruling Powers have thought to divert my purpose, and the Offering of my Heart, which can never rest, but with this Dear Charming Creature.—Your Merits,

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rits, Madam — are sufficient for the Gentleman on whom I entirely fix'd my Affections, before you did me the Honour, and your self the Trouble of your first Visit, interrupted Sir Christian's Daughter. And now, Sir, (added she to her Father) if you please, let us leave 'em to make an end of this Business between themselves. No, Madam, (cry'd Sir Lucius) your Father has promised me to make use of his Interest with her for my sake. This I now expect, Sir. Then (said the Old Knight) thou Dear Beautiful and Virtuous Stranger! If I have any Power to persuade thee, take my Advice, and this Honourable Gentleman to thy loving Husband; I'm sure he'll prove so to thee. If I could command thee, I would. Ah Sir! (said she, kneeling, with Tears falling from her Charming Eyes) I know none living that has greater Right and Power. — But (alas Sir!) this Honourable Person knows not the Meanness of my Birth, at least, he cannot think it any way proportionable or suitable to His. O thou dear Creature, (cry'd her Lover, setting one Knee to the Ground, and taking her up) Sir Christian has already discoursed all thy Circumstances to me. Rise and Bless me with thy Consent. I must ask my Lady's, Sir, (she reply'd). See, here my Mother comes (said the young Lady) and entreated her good Word for Sir Lucius. The good antient Lady began then to use all the Arguments to incline her to yield to her Happiness; and in fine, she was prevail'd



vail'd on to say, *I do Consent, and will endeavour to deserve the Honourable Title of your Dutiful Wife, Sir.* 'Twas with no common Joy and Transport that he receiv'd her Hand, and kissed those dear Lips that gave him an Assurance of his Happiness; which he resolv'd should begin about a Month or two afterwards; in which time, he might send Orders to *London* for the making their Wedding Cloaths. Into the House then they all went, *Sir Lucius* leading *Peregrina*, and the first they met of the Family was *Prayfast*, who was not a little surpriz'd nor discompos'd at that Sight; and more especially when *Sir Christian* told him, *That tho he did not think that Beautiful Sweet Stranger worthy the Title of his Wife, yet now he shou'd be oblig'd to joyn her to that Honourable Person.* The Slave bow'd, and look'd very pale.

All things were at last got ready for the Consummation of their Bliss, and *Prayfast* did their Business effectually, tho much against his Will, however he receiv'd the Reward of Twenty broad Pieces. The Wedding was kept for a Week at *Sir Christian's* House; after which they adjourn'd to the Bridegroom's; where it lasted as long as at *Sir Christian's*; his Lady, Daughter, and the rest of that Family would stay. As they were leaving him, *Sir Lucius* dispos'd of Two Hundred Pounds amongst *Sir Christian's* Servants,

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Servants, and the rest of the Three Hundred he distributed among the Poor of both Parishes.

When they were gone, the Affectionate Tender Bridegroom cou'd by no means be perswaded by any Gentlemen, his Neighbours, to hunt with 'em, or to take any Divertisement, tho but for half a Day; esteeming it the highest Unkindness imaginable to leave his Lady: Not that she could be alone neither in his Absence; for she never wanted the Visits of all the Ladies round about, and those of the best Quality; who were equally Charm'd with her Sweetness of Temper, as the Men were with her outward Beauties. But in a Months time, or thereabout, observing that he was continually sollicitred and courted to some Sport or Pastime with those Gentlemen of his Neighbourhood, she was forc'd to her self the Violence to beg of him that he would divert himself with 'em as before their Marriage he us'd: And she had so good Success, that he did allow himself two Days in the Week to hunt: In one of which, coming home about Five a Clock, and not finding his Lady below Stairs, he went directly up to her Chamber, where he saw her leaning her Head on her Hand, and her Handkercheif all bath'd in Tears. At this Sight he was strangely amaz'd and concern'd. *Madam, (cry'd he, in an unusual Tone) what means such Postures as these?*



these? Tell me! For I must know the occasion. Surprized and Trembling at this his unwonted manner of saluting her, she started up, and then, falling on her Knees, she wept out, O thou Dear Author and Lord of all my Joys on Earth! Look not, I beseech you, so wildly, nor speak terribly to me! Thou Center of all my Happiness below (return'd he) Rise and make me acquainted with the dreadful Occasion of this Afflicting, and Tormenting Sight! All you shall know, (she reply'd) Dearest of Humane Blessings! But sit, and change your Looks; then I can speak. Speak then, my Life (said he) but tell me all; All I must know. Is there a Thought about my Soul that you shall not partake? I'm sure there is not, (he reply'd) say on then. You know, Sir, (she return'd) that I have left my Parents now Three Years, or thereabouts, and know not whether they are Living or Dead. I was reflecting therefore on the Troubles which my undutiful and long Absence may have caused 'em. For, poor and mean as they may be, they well instructed me in all good things; and I wou'd once more, by your dear Permission, see 'em, and beg their Pardon for my Fault. For, they're my Parents still, if living, Sir; tho (unhappily) not worth Your Regard. How! (cry'd he) can that Pair who gave my Dearest Birth, want my Regard! or ought I can do for 'em! No, Thou shalt see 'em, and so will I. But tell me, Peregrina, Is this the only Cause of your Discomposure? So may I still be bless'd in your dear Love (she reply'd) as this is Truth,

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Truth, and all the Cause. When shall we see 'em then? (he asked). We see 'em (cry'd she) O your Goodness descends too much; and you confound me with your unmerited and unexpected Kindness. 'Tis I alone that have offended, and I alone am fit to see 'em. That must not be (return'd her Affectionate Husband) no, we'll both go together; and if they want, either provide for 'em there, or take 'em hither with us. Your Education shews their Principles, and 'tis no Shame to own Virtuous Relations. Come, dry thy dear lamenting Eyes; the beginning of the next Week we'll set forwards. Was ever Disobedience so rewarded with such a Husband! (said she) those Tears have wash'd that Childish Guilt away. And there is no Reward above thy Virtue.

In a few Days Monday began the Date of their Journey to the West of England; and in Five or Six Days more, by the help of a Coach and Six, they got to Cornwall; where, in a little Town, of little Accommodation, they were oblig'd to take up their Lodgings the first Night. In the Morning (said his Lady to him) My Dear, about a Mile and a half hence lives one Sir Francis Fairname and his Lady, if yet they be living, who have a very fine House, and worth your seeing; I beg of you therefore, that you will be so kind to your self as to walk thither, and Dine with the old Gentleman; for that you must, if you see him; whilst I stay here, and send to my Father.



Father and Mother, if to be found, and prepare 'em to receive you at your Return. I must not have no Denial (added she) for if you refuse this Favour, all my Designs are lost——Make haste my Life; 'tis now Eleven a Clock. In your Absence I'll dress, to try if Change of Cloaths can hide me from 'em. This was so small a Request, that he did not stay to reply to't, but presently left her, and got thither in less than half an Hour, attended only by one Footman. He was very kindly and respectfully receiv'd by the old Gentleman, who had certainly been a very Beautiful Person in his Youth; and Sir *Lucius* fixing his Eyes upon his Face, could hardly remove 'em, being very pleasantly and surprisngly entertain'd with some Lines that he observ'd in it. But immediately recollecting himself, he told him, that having heard how fine a Seat that was, his Curiosity led him to beg the Favour that he might see it. The worthy old Knight return'd, that his House and all the Accommodations in it, were at his Service: So inviting him in, he satisfied his pretended Curiosity; and after he had shewn all that was worthy the sight of a Stranger in the House, he led him into his Gardens, which furnish'd Sir *Lucius* with new matter of Admiration; whence the old Knight brought him into the Parlour, telling him that 'twas his Custom to suffer no Stranger to return till he had either din'd or sup'd

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supp'd with him, according as the Hourof the Day or Night presented.

'Twas here the Affectionate Husband was strangely surpriz'd at the Sight of a Picture, which so nearly counterfeited the Beauties of his dear liv'd Lady, that he stood like an Image himself, gazing and varying; the Colours of his Face agitating by the Diversity of his Thoughts; which Sir Francis perceiving, ask'd him what it was that so visibly concern'd him? To which he reply'd, That indeed he was concern'd, but with great Satisfaction and Pleasure, since he had never seen any thing more Beautiful than that Picture, unless it were a Lady for whom he had the most sincere Affection imaginable, and whom it did very nearly represent; and then enquir'd for whom that was drawn? Sir Francis answer'd him, *'Twas design'd for one who Was, I dare not say who is my Daughter, and the other two nere drawn for her younger Sisters. And see, Sir, (pursued he) here they come following their Mother:* At which Words Sir Lucius was obliged to divorce his Eyes from the *Charming Shadow*, and make his Compliments to them; which were no sooner over than Dinner was serv'd in, where the young Knight eat as heartily as he could, considering he sat just opposite to it, and in sight of the two Ladies, who were now exactly like his own Wife, tho not so very Beautiful.

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The Table being uncover'd, Sir *Lucius* desir'd to know why Sir *Francis* said he doubted whether the Original of that Picture were yet his Daughter? To which the Mother return'd, (big with Sorrow, which was seen in her Tears) *That her Husband had spoken but too rightly: For (added she) 'tis now Three Years since we have either seen her, or heard from her. How Madam! Three Years (cry'd Sir Lucius) I believe I can shew your Ladyship a dear Acquaintance of mine, so wonderfully like that Picture, that I am almost perswaded she is the very Original; only (pardon me, Madam) she tells me her Parents are of mean Birth and Fortune. Dear Sir, (cry'd the Tender Mother) Is she in this Country? She is not Two Miles hence, (reply'd Sir Lucius). By all things most dear to you, Sir, (said the Lady) let us be so happy as to see her, and that with all convenient Expedition! For, it will be a Happiness to see any Creature, the only Like my Dearest Arabella. Arabella, Madam! Alas. No, Madam, her Name is Peregrina. No matter for Names, Sir, (cry'd the Lady) I want the sight of the dear Creature. Sir, (added the worthy old Knight) I can assure you it will be an Eternal Obligation to us; or if you please we will on you to her. By no means, Sir, (return'd Sir Lucius) I will repeat my Trouble to you with her in an Hour at farthest. We shall desire the Continuance of such Trouble as long as we live (reply'd Sir*

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Sir Francis). So without farther Ceremony Sir Lucius left 'em, and return'd to his Lady, whom he found ready dress'd, as he wish'd he might. *Madam* (said he) *where are your Father and Mother?* I know not yet, my Dear, she repiy'd. *Well* (return'd he) *we will expect 'em, or send for 'em hither at Night; in the mean time I have engag'd to bring you with me to Sir Francis Fairname and his Lady with all imaginable Expedition.* So immediately as soon as Coach and Six, and Equipage, was ready, he hurry'd her away with him to Sir Francis, whom they found walking with his Lady and two Daughters in the outward Court, impatiently expecting their Coming. The Boot of the Coach (for that was the Fashion in those Days) was presently let down, and Sir Lucius led his Lady forwards to them; who coming within Three or Four Paces of the good old Knight, his Lady fell on her Knees, and begg'd their Pardon and Blessing. Her Affectionate Father answer'd 'em with Tears from his Eyes; but the good antient Lady was so overcome with Joy, that she fell into a Swoon, and had like to have been accompanied by her Daughter, who fell upon her Knees by her, and with her Shrieks recall'd her, when she strait cry'd out, *My Daughter, my Daughter's come again! my Arabella alive!* Ay, my dear offended Mother, with all the Duty and Penitence that Humanity is capable of, return'd the Lady Lovewell. Her Sisters then express'd their Love in Tears, Embraces and  
Kisses



Kisses, while her dear Husband begg'd a blessing of her Parents, who were very pleasantly surpriz'd to know that their Daughter was so happily marry'd, and to a Gentleman of such an Estate and Quality as Sir *Lucius* seem'd to be: 'Twas late that Night e're they went to Bed at Sir *Francis*'s. The next day, after they had all pretty well eas'd themselves of their Passions, Sir *Francis* told his Son-in-Law, that as he had three Daughters, so he had 3000 *l.* a Year, and he wou'd divide it equally among 'em; but for Joy of the Recovery of his eldest Daughter, and her Fortunate Match with so worthy a Gentleman as Sir *Lucius*, who had given him an Account of his Estate and Quality, he promised him Ten Thousand Pounds in ready Money besides; whereas the other young Ladies were to have but Five Thousand apeece, besides their Dividend of the Estate. *And now* (said he) *Daughter, the Cause of your Retreat from us, old Sir Robert Richland has been dead these Three Months on such a day.* How, Sir, (cry'd she) on such a day! That was the very Day on which I was so happy as to be marry'd to my Dear Sir *Lucius*.

She then gave her Father and Mother, and Sisters, a Relation of all that had happen'd to her since her Absence from her Dear Parents, who were extremely pleased with the Account of  
Sir

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Sir *Christian* and his Lady's Hospitality and Kindness to her; and in less than a Fortnight after they took a Journey to Sir *Lucius's*, carrying the two other young Ladies along with 'em, and by the way they call'd at Sir *Christian's*, where they arriv'd time enough to be present the next Day at Sir *Christian's* Daughter's Wedding, which they kept there for a whole Fortnight.

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